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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,
It rests on the brow of the brake;
The clear streams of rivulets water the spot,
And are fill'd from the urn of the lake;
The ring-doree is heard in the orange-tree grove,
And the shepherd reclines in the vale;
The milk-maid sings sweetly a ditty of love,
And the lamplight skip over the date.

When the morning appears on the far distant hill,
And the goldfinch's chirp in the bower,
And the Zephyr's light ringlet plays o'er the rill,
We'll spring from our pallet of flow'res—
We'll wash in the crystalline fount of the grot,
And paddle our skiff o'er the lake—
O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,
It rests on the brow of the brake! JEJUS.

TO ELLEN.

No, Ellen dear, not Envy's frown,
Nor all that Malice can invent,
Shall ever make my soul drown
Thy friendship, or its charms repeat.

Believe me love, 'tis useless, vain
To think I deem thee insincere,
Thy gentle heart I would not pain,
Or have thee shed one precious tear.

For Oh! 'tis sweet to feel there's one
On whom I can with truth rely,
To rest my cheerless breast upon,
And falchion's basest power defy.

Fond not sweet sufferer, Mary's love
Shall never fly thy injured heart;
Time shall its tend'rest feelings prove,
And sweetest confidence impart.

I am not one, whom sorrow's gloom
O'errules the prospect of thy days,
And fortune ceases to blume
Thy life with joy's too transient rays.

To turn a cold unheeding eye,
Upon thy uncomplaining form,
Or friendship's forest claims deny,
To make more dark Fate's low-ring storm.

Despair not then thou child of song,
For ever shall thou find in me,
A friend wh'll cease not to prolong
The dearest ties of constancy. MARY.

TO MISS MARY P. A.

The playful swallow lightly dips
Her breast where flows the gentle tide,
With cautious bill the stream she sips,
Which many a dainty plant may hide—

In wanton gambols she will sport,
While summer winds her presence court.

May thou dear maid as careful prove,
As cautious rest thy breast on man,
As careful sip the cup of love,
Till thou thy officer's failing man—

Then should mild summer breezes sense,
You'll find his love will not decrease.

OLIVEIRA.

There was a being, beautiful and bright
As the first beams of morning in the sky—
Gay as the lark that sings his matin lays
In the mid heaven, breasted by the spring, time
Of her life—no thought of care
Had cast a shadow yet on her fair—
No sorrow dimmed the brilliancy of her eye—
But sweet dreams of bliss, lit up
By hope's unclouded sun, still tinged her spirit
With their golden hue, and made earth seem to her
Pur as that Eden which the Master blessed.

Many, many camz;
To offer incense at fair beauty's shrine;

But she looked on them as the sun on flowers,
Smiled, and departed. Yet, as unconscious of
Its gravity, her love for one gain'd strength

With every hour, and he was as light of life to her—
Companions they had been in youth's green path—

Together gathered flowers, on the "bright hills
Of young existence," and inhaled the same pure

Pragnes of its balm'g air—yet scarcely knew the links
Of fond affection, had so closely bound

Their souls in that firm chain, which death alone
Has power to sever. The "she" thought not why

Her cheek flushed deeper, when she heard his name—
Her eye grew brighter, when it gazed on him,

And smiles that spoke the gladness of her heart
Brightened her face, like sunshine on the clouds—

Yet other read the secret, to herself unknown—
Nor was he lost to her, and feel the happiness

She thus conferred on him.

Thus years pass'd onward;

That alone should be her chosen partner,
And share with her life's future sorrows, or its present

joys—

But human happiness is like the flower
That bloom's, and are soon withered fades away.

She heard it whispered that the youth grew fond

Of midnight revels, and the "flow're bowl"—

Impatience, with hankie influence, lured him
To her feasts, and with a slyren's arts entreated

His soul. The tidings came upon her, like the deadly

Sins of a southern clime, and blasted every hope.

They met once more—the told him of her fears,
And he was not so far deceived, to hide

His errors, from the only heart he loved—

Conscience arose; her slumbers were broken;

That faded cheek reproached him with its wrongs;

But that jealousy, he could not bear to meet.

He said, he to seek a foreign land,

And I return not to my native home,

Till I redeem, by penitence, the past;

But still 'when' I dream, thou art the star

That light my exiled heart, and the reward

For every future pain—I ask not thy forgiveness

Thy deserved. "Thy faithfulness I know—farewell,

My heart is thine, cried the hapless girl,

And bid them in thy presence of reform—

For strength, to bear me now, and I will pray

For strength, to bear us, thou'rt lonely paths,

With steps unmarking from the thorns thou spread.

I cannot change my lot—tis thine forever!

I pledge my vows before the God of heaven.

And solitary was her lot, indeed, so long

Had she been walking in the social path

Of happiness, enured by kindred minds

And feelings flowing like the unshackled waves

That seem divided—yet ever one!

But, she bore her grief in silence
And moved with the gay, as 'tis no change
Had found her plump breast—saw that the rose
Forgot to bloom upon her cheek, nor left
A trace of its existence—and her step
No more was lightest in the festive dance.

She sung, but there was tenderness mingled
With every note of harmony she breathed—

Not the wild strains of gaiety and mirth.

She formerly loved best to waken at her will!

But, she bore her grief in silence
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formed a residence joined to deep sorrowing over the losses, and regretted of the services who watched in the scenes of death, to allow him a last look of his departed friend. He continued to have known the deceased early in life, and to have undertaken a long journey in order to give a parting glance of his pale features. The agony and earnestness with which the application was urged, lulled the suspicions of the servant, and, after a slight hesitation, it was assented to. The lid of the coffin was removed—the body unshrouded—and the death-chilled frame revealed to view. The gentleman gazed for some minutes upon it, and then, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a bauble's "wand," with which he touched the face, and instantly declared, to the horror and alarm of the servant, that he had arrested the corpse in the king's name, for a debt of \$300. Before the requisite explanations had been gone through, the funeral group had assembled. The circumstance was instantly made known to Mr. Canning, who took Lord Sidmouth aside, and begged his advice and assistance. Let the relay night, nor the progress of the sorrowful train, they generally agreed to discharge the debt; and two checks, for \$250 each, were given over to the bauble, and accepted by him. Without their timely intercession, the procession might have been detained for some hours, and even in spite of their prompt sympathy and kindness, the multitudes who had congregated in the Palace Yard could not help murmuring when the stated hour was allowed to elapse so long without any apparent reason.

This melancholy occurrence is sufficient to excite the pity of the most censorious towards the fate of poor Sheridan. While in life his feelings were hourly subjected to the rude shocks, and after death, his remains were insulted and despised. What a lesson to the thoughtless and irregular sons of genius! Be their services to mankind how ever great—let themselves be marked but as the vanguard in the march of mind—or the apostles who paralyse the sceptre of Mammon—misery, wretchedness, and insult will be their sad doom, unless prudence guides their steps, or sensibility flings in the channel of virtue.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gentlemen—Music, the "divine restorer and harmonizer of the soul," is a talent in its practice spreading more delight than any other, and a pleasure unfelt by the bosom which harbors aught of inhumanity. The only objection against it comes from the rigid economist of time; yet, of him would I ask, are there to be no moments of relaxation?—must the how be always bent? The harshness terms of the groves, between their intervals of labor, in the search of food, result in states of joy, which excite the sympathy of all untaught nature.—And shall man alone, persist in hisullen misery, nor dare to express one note of pleasure, one gay effusion of gratitude?—While I am disposed to excuse the visionary objections which are inherited from our forefathers, when piety was incensed at the association of music with the rites of superstition, as it would be madness to prefer pain to pleasure—deformity to beauty—so would it be not to love harmony—at least as much as we abhor discord. If the frenzy of Saul was assuaged by the harp of David, many an evil brooding brain has been harmonized by music's shrilling chords, and the savage breast been taught to vibrate in concert with the companions of humanity; for it is a sentiment taught by universal experience, that,

"He who has no music in his soul,

Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoil."

It has been and still is a matter of very considerable doubt, whether the *Grecian* group would meet with much encouragement in our city. Were I allowed to express an opinion on the subject I should say they would not, the Italian style of singing is not so popular here as in Europe, and the musical taste of our city is decidedly in favor of those simple and unaffected strains which so often "capture the heart" at our concerts. The performances of the "Musical Fund Society," at the Hall on the twenty-first February, and those of the "St. Cecilia Society," at the Masonic Hall, on Monday, the twenty-seventh February, are sufficient proofs to establish the ground which I have assumed. The *Instrumental* department in both of these Societies is objectionable on account of the very long pieces generally performed by them; which, although very fine as to composition, generally tire an audience. Before concluding this subject, permit me to say that the remarks which have appeared in the "Daily Advertiser," of this week, are at once improper and ill-natured.—Such remarks are only calculated to deter other ladies belonging to either of these societies, from contributing their mite to please their fellow members, lest they also would be obliged to undergo the same fiery ordeal. To conclude I shall use the words of Pope, as applicable to such self-made critics:—Some have for hate then critics past, tutored authors next, and proved plain fools at last."

EDWIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. SMITH, having been for some time past successfully engaged in the practice of medicine in this city, particularly in healing and removing ulcerated sores, cancers, warts, cutaneous and acutaneous complaints, &c. &c. has left, in addition to those certificates of his skill which have already been published, to lay before the public the following testimonials, tendered to him by the respectable individuals whose names are attached to them.

To B. M. SMITH, No. 86 N. Fifth street,

"Sir—In justice to you, and duty to my fellow-creatures, permit me thus publicly to acknowledge the cure I have received through your means. I had been afflicted some years with a grievous ulcerated sore leg, attended with swelling, pain, and itching, which made me miserable—I had tried a great variety of remedies, both external and internal, all to no effect. At length hearing of the variety of cures performed by you for persons in like situation, I was encouraged to apply to you for relief, and after making use of the means a few months, under your particular care and attention, I believe you have at length effected a cure—free from pain, and can walk with as much ease as ever. Information will be given to the enquirer, by calling at my residence, No. 148 Market street.

Yours, SAMUEL PANCOST.

Philadelphia, Feb. 6, 1826.

Mr. SMITH,

"Sir—Having obtained a very important sum through your means, I deem it not improper to make it public. Several years ago I received a very severe hurt in one of my legs, which caused an ulcer, attended with swelling, itching, pain, and other afflicting symptoms—I resorted to the skill of a physician, and tried a variety of remedies, but all to no effect. Having at length heard of a variety of cures performed by you for persons in like situation, I was encouraged, on applying to you for relief, and confided my case to your treatment, when I soon perceived myself getting better, and have continued so. These last three or four months it is completely healed up, and recovered its usual strength, and I believe it to be a perfect cure.

LEWIS BROWN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1826.

"This may certify, that I had been for some time in a declining state of health, when, in the year 1820, my disease assumed a more

shining aspect—I became a subject to all the symptoms attendant on pulmonary consumption, and was reduced to what my physician considered an incurable state. In this condition my case was made known to Dr. B. M. Smith, No. 86 North Fifth street, who recommended his Palimony Balsam—I commenced using it, and, by taking five bottles, was restored to a perfect state of health, which I have enjoyed for the last eight months. For this important and unexpected cure, I tender Dr. Smith the tribute of a grateful heart.

SARAH WILLIAMSON,
No. 155 Swanston street.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1826.

The subscriber, having been sorely afflicted, for upwards of six months, with an ulcerated sore leg, which deprived him entirely of the use of the limb affected, went to the hospital, and, after a long and painful journey, he touched the face, and instantly declared, that he had arrested the servant of the physician, if any had arisen in his mind, and after a slight hesitation, it was ascertained to the fact. The lid of the coffin was removed—the body unshrouded—and the death-chilled frame revealed to view. The gentleman gazed for some minutes upon it, and then, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a bauble's "wand," with which he touched the face, and instantly declared, to the horror and alarm of the servant, that he had arrested the corpse in the king's name, for a debt of \$300. Before the requisite explanations had been gone through, the funeral group had assembled. The circumstance was instantly made known to Mr. Canning, who took Lord Sidmouth aside, and begged his advice and assistance. Let the relay night, nor the progress of the sorrowful train, they generally agreed to discharge the debt; and two checks, for \$250 each, were given over to the bauble, and accepted by him. Without their timely intercession, the procession might have been detained for some hours, and even in spite of their prompt sympathy and kindness, the multitudes who had congregated in the Palace Yard could not help murmuring when the stated hour was allowed to elapse so long without any apparent reason.

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ALEXANDER NOBLE,
Corner of Twelfth and Market,
at Smith & Graff's.

Philadelphia, Nov. 30th, 1826.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

When I consider the multitude and variety of publications now extant, on this subject, and dispersed abroad among an enlightened community, the first idea that naturally presents itself is that each of these compilations must of course be the emanation of abundant and superior knowledge maturely digested, and modified with a judgment commensurate with the great object proposed, the instruction of mankind—the leading of the present and future generations in the invaluable science of speech; and the second, that every principle advanced by their respective authors, is either universally admitted, or accompanied with suitable proofs, founded on the genius and analogy of the language, so that the inquisitive learner may have an opportunity of forming his opinions on rational motives, and not be subjected to follow blindly the arbitrary caprices of his instructor: For if grammar is a science, it ought to be treated as a science.

But on examining and comparing these elementary works it would seem as if the writers, with one, or perhaps two exceptions, had chiefly aimed at eccentricity as their best recommendation to that patronage which all so anxious solicited, without affording even plausible grounds for those observations. To exhibit one glaring instance out of many; there are two classes of words:

1. Mine, thine, his, hers, its, ours, theirs,
2. thy, his, her, its, our, your, their.

One author calls the first class of these, "personal pronouns," and the second class, "adjective pronouns." Another styles them all "personal pronouns," and at the same time, on the very next page, pronounces the second class "adjective pronouns," thus confounding all notion of distinction. While a third great man makes them all "adjective pronouns," denying that any one of them is a personal pronoun. And a fourth asserts that they are all "personal pronouns," and nothing else. And mind, you must take each gentleman's bare word for his arrangement, for not one of them has given a shadow of proof so that you are left to your own judgment to determine what individual among them is right, for no two of them can be so while each opposes all the rest. Let me examine who is right, for I think it is not hard to discover.

It is now universally admitted that English substantives have three cases, the nominative, the possessive and the objective. And the personal pronoun serves in place of the substantive, and discharges the same functions.—These are decided points. Thus, Jacob, Jacob's, Jacob, are the three cases of the noun Jacob; and to these correspond the three cases, he, his, him, of the personal pronoun.

So far will he readily admit; but it is contended that "his" is also an "adjective pronoun," and that is, say the advocates, when "his" is attached to a noun, "his book." A learned discrimination! Now I distinctly deny it—nay, I deny that there are any such words at all as "adjective pronouns of the possessive kind" in the English language.

Whether I say Jacob's book, or the book is Jacob's, it is plain Jacob is the possessive case of the noun in each phrase, and accordingly, in the equivalent expressions, "his book," and the book is "his" it is equally manifest that "his" stands for Jacob's in both, and therefore is the same possessive case of the pronoun in the former of these, as it is confessedly in the latter. Can any man deny this? If "his" must be called an adjective pronoun in the phrase, "his book," because it refers to the noun, "book," surely Jacob's has an equal right to be styled also an adjective pronoun, in the equivalent phrase, Jacob's book, and for the very same reason. To me, I confess, it is matter of astonishment that there could be a second opinion on a matter so simple and superficial.

One example more. Men's is the possessive case whether I say "the Men's garments," or "the garments are the Men's." And in the equivalent phrases "their garments," and "the garments are theirs," the two words *their* and *theirs* stand severally for the possessive cases. Men's, whence it is evident their, and the'res, are equally the possessive case of the personal pronoun they; nor does it make any thing against the fact, that the possessive case has two forms *their* and *theirs*, any more than it does against the indefinite article that is used for the two forms "a" and "an." The only difference between 'their' and 'theirs' is that the former is always attended by a noun immediately following it, and by which it is governed, while the latter even stands alone, and is equivalent to the two words "their" and "theirs." In the equivalent phrase, Jacob's book, and for the very same reason, I believe there could be a second opinion on a matter so simple and superficial.

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In the Tuscaloosa (Alabama) paper, Charles C. McClure, has published a certificate under his own name, acknowledging himself to have been guilty of the most infamous and villainous conduct against the family of Major Jessie Walker, of Columbus, and that he had threatened the life of Mr. Thomas Morford, and that he does not deserve their countenance or unity ever to shine upon him again.

We are informed, says the New York Mercantile Advertiser, that a treaty has been concluded at Washington between our government and that of Central America, and signed on the part of the latter by Mr. Cass, the minister from that republic. The treaty is stated to be formed upon the most liberal principles, and will without doubt be ratified by both governments.

The Woodbury Herald states that John S. Bidle, and his half brother, William Bidle, of Upper Penn Neck, were both accidentally drowned on Saturday afternoon week near Pittman's Landing, in the Delaware. It seems the two young men had been to this city, where they had disposed of a cargo of wood, and were returning with the proceeds in their pockets—when opposite the above mentioned place they were amusing themselves in wrestling on the deck of the vessel, and while engaged in each other's arms in a trial of strength, the vessel made a sudden lurch and precipitated both the young men into the water, whence they were to rise no more.

The same paper states that an inquest was last week held by Samuel H. Harrison, Esq. on the body of a man found in the Delaware, near Gloucester, of very respectable appearance. Mr. H. gives the following description of his dress, &c. "He was dressed in good black clothes, fashionably made, with black neck cloth and stock, and boots half worn, black hair, very thin on the poll of the head; his face was so much disfigured that I could give no description of his countenance."

The treaties concluded last summer between the United States Commissioners and the Pawnee and Ponca tribes of Indians, in which they acknowledge their residence to be within the territorial limits of the United States, and guarantee the trade to agents only authorized by the President, and also one establishing the Sioux and Chippewas, the Sioux and Sac and Fox tribes, and Ioways and Sioux, respectively on a peaceful footing, fixing boundary lines between their lands, and admitting the general controlling power of the United States, have been ratified by the President.

TREAD MILLS.—A committee of the city council of Baltimore, have recently submitted to the public an interesting report, in favor of introducing the tread mill, as an instrument of punishment in their work-house. Having ascertained the inefficiency of all other modes of discipline, in correcting the numerous vagrants, committed to their poor-house, they were induced to examine all the testimony for and against tread mills, and their inquiry has resulted in the conviction, that they are in every respect, superior to all other instruments of discipline used in such institutions as Work-Houses, &c.

The official account of the battle of Sarandi, fought on the 12th of October, between the Patriot General Lavalleja and the Brazilian forces in the Banda Oriental, has been received. Lavalleja formed a union of the different divisions of his troops, at Sarandi, on the morning of the 12th. The Brazilians were soon thrown in disorder. They left on the field of battle 572 killed and 133 wounded; and 52 officers, including three lieutenant colonels; 17 officers and 321 soldiers were taken prisoners; 17 officers and 136 men afterwards surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The colonels Ventos Manuel and Venitos Gonzales, the commanders of the Brazilian troops, succeeded in escaping with little more than 300 men. Arms and ammunition, all fell into the hands of Lavalleja.

We find the following note, no doubt from Commodore Porter or his authority, in an evening paper: "Commodore Porter has not yet determined to enter into the Mexican service." The true state of the case is, that he goes on a visit to Mexico on leave of absence, there to determine whether it would be most advisable for him to accept or decline the offer which was, some time since, tendered to him, and which has been recently repeated by the Mexican government. Were he actuated by personal interests and aggrandizement alone, no doubt could exist as to the course which he ought to pursue. It is presumed, however, that he will be governed by higher objects than these; but whatever may be his present views and ultimate determination, courtesy would seem to require that, by a personal interview with the authorities of Mexico, he should show to them what he has placed a proper value on the compliment which has been paid to him. The Commodore is expected to sail from New York for Mexico, in the course of two weeks at farthest."

RAIL ROADS.—The spirit of improvement is abroad upon the land," said Mr. Adams, in his message. And he spoke truly. In the papers from the east and the south, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, canals and rail roads are the standing and leading topics of discussion. And notwithstanding the canal fever in our own state, the rail road symptoms are appearing; and a petition is now before the legislature, to construct a rail road from Albany to Schenectady. This is an important and desirable work.

A son of Judge Clayton of the village of Athens, Georgia, something upwards of ten years old, rivals the well known Zeb Colburn, in his astonishing powers of calculation. This child can reduce any given number of miles to inches, years to seconds, &c. performing the whole operation in his head, and will give the result as quick as an expert calculator can do it with a pen or pencil. It is the intention of his father to educate him at West Point, if he can procure him a place at that institution.

The Halifax Journal of the 6th ult. contains an account of the opening of the Provincial Legislature on the 1st. The speech of the Governor Sir Jas. Kemp, and the replies of both houses, show that the utmost harmony prevails. The Governor congratulates the province upon the passage of the late Trade and Navigation Acts, recommends unremitting attention to the Fisheries, and a canal to connect the harbor of Halifax with the basin of Minas in the Bay of Fundy.

"DELAWARE CITY."—We learn that a new city has recently been handsomely laid out at the mouth of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which is called "Delaware City." A Post Office is about to be established there; it is within 6 miles of New Castle, 11 from Wilmington, about 2 from Port Penn, and opposite Fort

Delaware. The streets run at right angles, and many of the lots have met a ready sale at Philadelphia. It is thought that it soon will become an important commercial depot, and some establishments are already in operation and others are in contemplation.

The editor of the Cheraw (S. C.) Gazette, in his paper of the 21st ult. says that provisions are scarce and dear in that place—"There is not one fourth enough on hand to supply the consumer; corn and meat have been selling in the streets at from \$1.50 to 1.75 cents per bushel—Fodder at \$1.60; and flour at 58 per barrel—Beef is selling from 6 to 7 cents, and unless there is a supply in a few days, there will be an advance on these prices." A load of Cotton on the 20th, sold for \$11.50 a 12 cent lb. He quotes the article at \$11.50 a 12 cent lb.

ALABAMA.

An act to suppress the barbarous practice of duelling has recently passed the Legislature of this State. It enjoins that an oath shall be administered to, and subscribed by the members of the general assembly, counsellors and attorneys at law, and all public functionaries, either civil or military, before they enter upon the duties of their stations, that they have neither directly nor indirectly given, accepted, or knowingly carried a challenge, in writing, or otherwise, to any person, being a citizen of that state, or aided or abetted in the same, since January 1, 1826; and further, that they will neither directly nor indirectly, give, accept or knowingly carry a challenge to any person during their continuance in the discharge of any public function.

Green Room Intelligence.

Mr. Cooper and Miss Kelly leave us after to night—their engagement would be a profit to the managers were it continued for a longer term; we regret that it cannot be. There has not been such acting at our theatre for many years, and it will be long before we see the like again. Mr. Burroughs is to appear next week.

Mr. Cooper and Mr. Maywood have made temporary engagements with the Managers of the New-Orleans Theatre.

Mr. Hunter, the equestrian, with a small company, of which Yeaman is one, has taken the management of the Circus at Hartford, Conn. They commenced their performances on the 27th ult.

Keen has sailed for Charleston, in company with Mrs. Batterby and Mr. Lee to fulfil a short engagement.

Mr. Hackett, [the husband of an accomplished singer of that name, who has lately returned to the Park Theatre, New York, after an absence of several years] made his first appearance on Wednesday evening, in the character of Justice Woodcock. His talents are said to bear a striking resemblance to those of Mr. Barnes.

Cherry and Edie Star was played at Boston on Monday night, for the first time. The managers have gone to great expense to get it up in splendid style.

It is rumored that the French opera and ballet are to be introduced at Chatham Garden Theatre, New York.

The new Theatre in Moscow is said to be the largest in Europe. It is 349 feet in length, exclusive of the proscenium, and 216 in breadth. The height of the curtain is 51 feet, and its width 68 feet. The depth of the stage is 133 feet, and its width the same. It has 133 boxes, in four rows, one above the other.

Madame Catalini left Paris sometime since for Florence. It is said that the king sent her 3000 francs and a pair of diamond ear-rings, to the two concerts which she had given at the theatre of the court.

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"The Lover's address to his Mistress," a song of some eighty or an hundred lines, is excluded by its length, independent of other causes.

"Lines on the marriage of an absent friend," by "Maulius," which have been some time by us, shall have an insertion.

Was the article to a "most potent, grave, and venerable Seignior," intended for us, or had it accidentally reached this part of the habitable globe. We know the writer well for a right merry and satirical gentleman, full of his wild conceits and vagaries—severe, tender, pathetic, or ludicrous, as occasion may require—though when he says he can not preach, he cannot sentimentalise, nor forsooth, nor delineate a sprightly idea, unless he clothe it in beggarly words—though we know all this to be as ungenteel and unjust to himself, as the assertion that his mind is as destitute of ideas as a squeaking lemon is of sap, yet, after all, we cannot discover his drift, and leave it for his future elucidation.

"Cyprian" may, if he pleases, consider himself one of our best correspondents—he is certainly welcome to the good opinion he entertains of himself—he is a very flower, a very pink of modesty and politeness. "Have you any further trade with us?" We have several love-tales and love-ditties on hand, but have had, in all conscience, enough of such pale, sweet and sickly sentimentality, to last for some time, say till the moon changes—then we may again, though more sparingly, meddle with these dainty matters, which, shall no sensibly please the many, though too frequently they cannot but make the judicious grieve.

Lines to the "Ocean" are like the stormy aspect of the subject they address—much too dark, cheerless and heavy, filled with gloom, clouds and forebodings—the "wretched wanderer's soul," the "bright day turned to night," and the sorrowful wish "in its dark bosom to sleep," is all too melancholy, unproductive and impracticable sadness—it becomes not a youthful spirit, which should rather raise itself above the billows which should overwhelm it, and await with patient and manly fortitude the bright revelations of peace and joy, which will appear when the tempest has ceased its billows, and the heavy clouds have rolled away. Tut, tut, than better fit it.

"Cogitations of a Lover," "Cease the strain," "Departed Chief," "The Merry Wives," are each objectionable. Excuse us gentlemen, for the pinnacles of our speech—our thanks are with you, and more we can not fairly give.

"Edgar's Tribute," unavoidably pred.; "Philadelphia Displayed," next week.

The fair "Senobis" claims an apology—her effusions are not intentionally neglected.

We have the same lines precisely (in answer to an "Enigma") from two correspondents. How happens this? They both came

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